



Sweetheart mine



Supplement to the
Sunday Post-Dispatch

DECEMBER 29, 1901.
BY PERMISSION OF
SOL. BLOOM, CHICAGO.



HARRIS

SWEETHEART MINE.

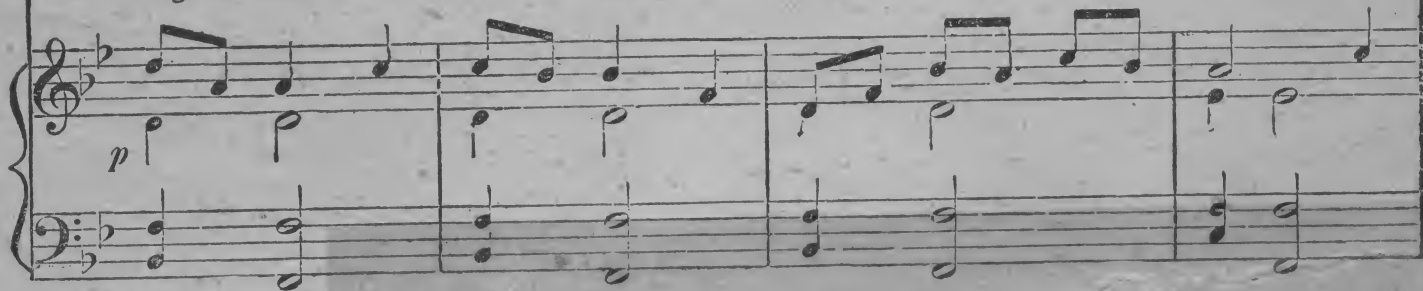
By O. Du Bois

Moderato.

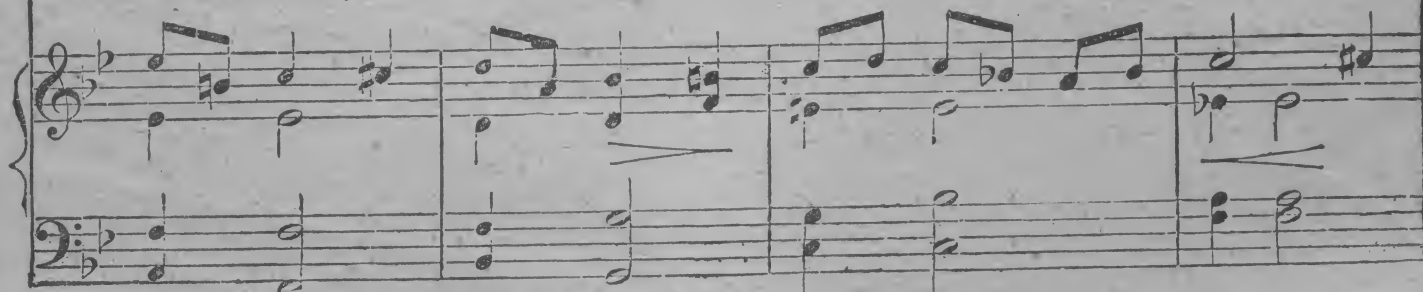
INTRO.



1. Sweetheart mine, your beam-ing eyes Have told the tale I long'd to hear, Your
2. Long I've wait - ed for that sign, Blush-ing cheeks and sparkling eyes,



glance I've tak - en by sur - prise, I know now that you love me, dear; No
Some-times tho't you'd ne'er be mine, Sometimes hope would in me rise,



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use that roguish toss of head, Your eyes be-tray'd your heart that time, You
 Now I know no doubt or fear, I have learned the truth so kind,

know my love, and yours I've read, Sweet-heart, Sweet-heart mine.
 Still I long those words to hear, "Sweet-heart, Sweet-heart mine.

Rall.

CHORUS. *Tempo di Valse.*

Sometimes 'tis said that love is blind. 'Tis but a falsehood, I know,

mp

*Sweetheart! Mine.

For, lit-tle Cu-pid, I caught you that time, Now I'll not let you go: . . .

Cute lit-tle maid. but spite your trick, You'll not es-cape me this time, It's:

use-less to try—with that look in your eye—Sweet-heart, Sweet-heart mine,

Rill